

The Surplus Forever.

A Hinge Campaign Song.
We've got the surplus we want;
Yes, both of them, the great
To the surplus of the Grant,
And make the surplus him.
We're all for him in this campaign,
Which gladdly we begin;
For he's the man to suit our plan,
And keep the surplus in.
CHORUS.
The surplus forever!
Hurray, boys! hurrah!
Open out the jack pot!
John to the drive!
We'll rally 'round the officers, rally once
again,
Shouting the battle cry of plunder.
Don't talk to us about reform
Or civil service rot,
But wait and see us fellows swarm
To grab the surplus pot.
We've got a hold on Van and Gould,
Their pocket nerves to strain,
And well we know the cash will flow,
To help us put in Blaine.
The Custom Houses we must keep,
The postal service, too,
And we shall wake while others sleep,
The party's work to do,
So they who wish to win like fish,
All in the surplus pool,
Had better come and join, by gum!
The Blaine and Logan school.
The Independent folks may kick,
The bolters scratch and sneal;
Their case we mean to settle quick,
Soon as we get the deal,
We loudly laugh at all their chaff
As we go to dry and thin.
While we with Blaine run this campaign
To keep the surplus in.

MR. BROWNE'S HEIR.

"If you mean to go in for art, old fellow, you must make up your mind to travel by a veritable Via Dolorosa before you attain success, especially if you have to live by it," said my friend Tole Ochre. "I have been through the whole business, and know all about it."

I have since proved his words to be true, although I have less cause to complain than many of my comrades of the brush, for a lucky accident provided my wife and myself with the means of living till I got a fair start. But I passed through some grievous experiences before that had happened.

When I had begun to make a little progress, and had saved enough money to enable me to do so, I determined to give myself several weeks stay in the country, where I hoped to recruit my health, at the same time that I pursued my studies.

I meant to live as cheaply as possible, and work hard all the time; yet it was with a host of pleasant anticipations that I jumped into a third-class carriage at Liverpool street, and, after a three hours' journey arrived at the quiet little country station for W—. After having ascertained from one of the porters that there were good lodgings to be had at the village inn, I walked up the platform toward the place of exit. As I passed the first-class carriages, my attention was attracted by one of the widows being let down in a violent hurry.

"Eh, porter! Where are they all?" exclaimed an irritable voice, belonging to a stout elderly gentleman, who was struggling with swollen gouty fingers, to turn the stiff handle of the door.

With some difficulty I managed to open it for him, just as the station-master had given the signal for the train to move on.

The porter, catching sight of me opening the door as the train was moving, shouted to me to "stand back!" and ran to enforce his command; but the irate passenger forced open the door, which the official had nearly shut, and jumped out, falling as he did so with one foot between the platform and the train.

Catching him as he fell, while the porter at the same moment signaled for the train to stop, I was fortunate enough to extricate the old gentleman from his perilous position.

"It's Mr. Browne! I hope you're not hurt, sir!" exclaimed the station-master, coming up.

"Hurt!" he replied, stuttering with rage. "I'll report every man jack of you. If it had not been for this gentleman—"

Every obstacle that I raised was surmounted by him with such perseverance that, in spite of myself, I was forced to yield to his desire.

It was certainly pleasant at Dalehurst. All that wealth could procure was to be found there, for its owner was rich, and allowed Genevieve, his daughter, carte blanche in the exercise of her cultivated and refined tastes.

His daughter—ah! how can I describe her? Beautiful, intellectual, graceful, and an enthusiast about art, was it wonderful that I lost my heart long before I knew it? When I did discover it—but I must speak of the happy days that preceded the shock of that discovery.

As I had supposed, Mr. Browne's injury proved to be nothing more dangerous than a severe sprain, but it kept him a prisoner for several days, and as I was always out at work till dinner-time, he grew to look forward to my presence in the evening in quite a rapturous manner.

He was very much interested in my pictures, although he knew nothing about art, but he thought he did, and his daughter's sympathetic appreciation atoned for his incomprehensible criticisms, and was dangerously delightful to me.

Of course, I was mad, foolish, culpable, not to understand that it was something more than intellectual sympathy which made our intercourse such a happiness to us both; but I suppose I was feeling too intensely to analyze and define my feelings.

I think, too, that he knew my position. Mr. Browne acted in a most thoughtful way, for he insisted that Genevieve should take lessons of me; and what could he expect when two young people, with so many sympathies and tastes in common, were so constantly thrown together? I can conscientiously declare that, had I realized my danger, I should have fled long before I did, for I believed at that time that Genevieve was her father's heir, while I was a poor, struggling artist.

When one morning my host announced that he expected his nephew, Reginald Vane, and some friends down for the shooting, I felt a vague presentiment that something unpleasant was in store for me, and insisted on taking up my quarters at the inn, for I knew that with a house full of young people whose sole idea was amusement, while mine was work, I should be out of place and at a disadvantage.

Genevieve, however, would not hear of giving up her lessons, and whenever they took place it was invariably insisted upon that I should remain to dine at Dalehurst.

The moment I saw Reginald Vane I conceived an intense aversion to him, and he took no pains to hide the fact that the feeling was mutual.

The first evening I spent in his society he treated me with a supercilious affectation of superiority which made my blood boil. The fact that he was in love with his cousin, and madly jealous of every man that found the slightest favor in her eyes, restrained me from openly resenting his many impertinences; but there is a limit to forbearance, and when one evening, after I had been singing with Genevieve, he made some insulting allusion to fortune-hunters, pointing his remark with a look at me that no one could mistake, we came to an open quarrel.

The next morning I sought an interview with Mr. Browne, to bid him farewell.

"Tut, tut, man?" he answered cordially. "So that jealous idiot has been showing his airs to you, eh? He spoke to me last night, but I told him I knew you and could trust you."

But I knew that I could not trust myself, so begging him to make my excuses and adieu to Genevieve, I departed, with the intention of seeing her no more.

The old gentleman must have begun to suspect the truth during this interview, for despite my own agitation, I noticed how worried and anxious he was looking.

continually till I was out of danger, and that they had now gone abroad.

"I beg pardon!" I exclaimed absently, for I had come into sudden and violent collision with a lady, who, like myself, was turning the corner of a street in Hammersmith. There was a dense fog, and she was closely veiled, so it is not wonderful that I did not at first recognize her. "Miss Browne? Is it possible, and alone? Have you grown independent, you see, in slightly tremulous tones. 'You must let me put you into a cab. Where are you going?' I asked, feeling like one who dreamed.

"Home—no, no, please!" as I took umbrella and music-roll from her hand, "indeed, I cannot let you!" but the words were weak and faltering, and I ventured to disobey.

Drawing her hand through my arm, I walked by her side in silence, for I could hear by her quick, irregular breathing that she was struggling with some painful emotion.

"What must you think of us?" she exclaimed at last—"our silence? It was not my fault. Are you quite strong again?"

By degrees I drew from her that they were quite poor now, and that she was giving daily music lessons in order to support herself and her father, who was weak and ill, and terribly altered. Quite poor indeed they were, and living in apartments, to which by her tasteful arrangement of the relics that remained to them of their prosperous days, Genevieve had nevertheless managed to impart an air of refinement and elegance. It was only just in time that I had found them, for poor old Mr. Browne was, as any one could see, quite broken up, and seemed to depend entirely upon his daughter. She told me that when I had come upon them in the wood, her cousin had just been refused by her, upon which he taxed her for entertaining an affection for a penniless fortune-hunter, who had been kicked out of Dalehurst as soon as her father became aware of his presumptuous designs. Then followed her indignant words and my interference and sudden faint.

As a whole party had been picnicking there, help was not far off, and Mr. Browne would have had me carried to Dalehurst had it not been for his nephew's strenuous opposition.

A few days afterward her father had spoken to her, and begged her to receive Vane's attentions favorably. Gradually it came out that he had been speculating and was ruined, if he did not help him to retrieve his position by this marriage, but this he did not tell her till they had all quitted Dalehurst for the continent, and she had again refused her cousin. From her mother she had inherited a sum which brought her fifty pounds a year. Upon this pittance, and what she could make by teaching, my brave girl and had struggled to maintain herself and her father until now. I had not been mistaken with regard to Genevieve's sentiments, for I won from her the confession that she had loved me from the first. So now that there was no money to come between us, I asked and obtained her father's consent to our union.

We were married very quietly, both for the sake of the economy, and also on account of her father's declining health.

Among the relics of his former grandeur, Mr. Browne had retained a picture which, in spite of everybody, he had always persisted in believing to be of great value. This he presented with much satisfaction to his daughter on the occasion of her marriage. He was getting quite childish now, and she nursed and humored him with unfeeling sweetness and devotion.

One morning, on coming down into the kitchen, I found her busily engaged in cleaning her father's picture.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I am trying to make this old and valuable picture look a little more decent," she replied, laughing gayly. "Poor papa has taken it into his head that I do not value it, so I am going to give it the place of honor in the dining-room."

Of course I grumbled, for it was really and awful production, and equally of course, my darling coaxed me into acquiescence.

"Look here, dear," she exclaimed very suddenly, "how oddly this picture has peeled off here in the corner! It looks as if there were another picture underneath."

I looked carefully at first, then curiously.

"So it does," I replied, and taking the cloth from her hand, I carefully continued the process till about four square inches had been cleaned off, revealing part of a limb.

"My word!" I exclaimed, and Genevieve must have thought me mad, for catching up the picture, I hurried away with it to my studio, packed it up, tore out of the house, took a cab, and in half an hour's time was excitedly watching the operations of the restorer to whom I had taken it.

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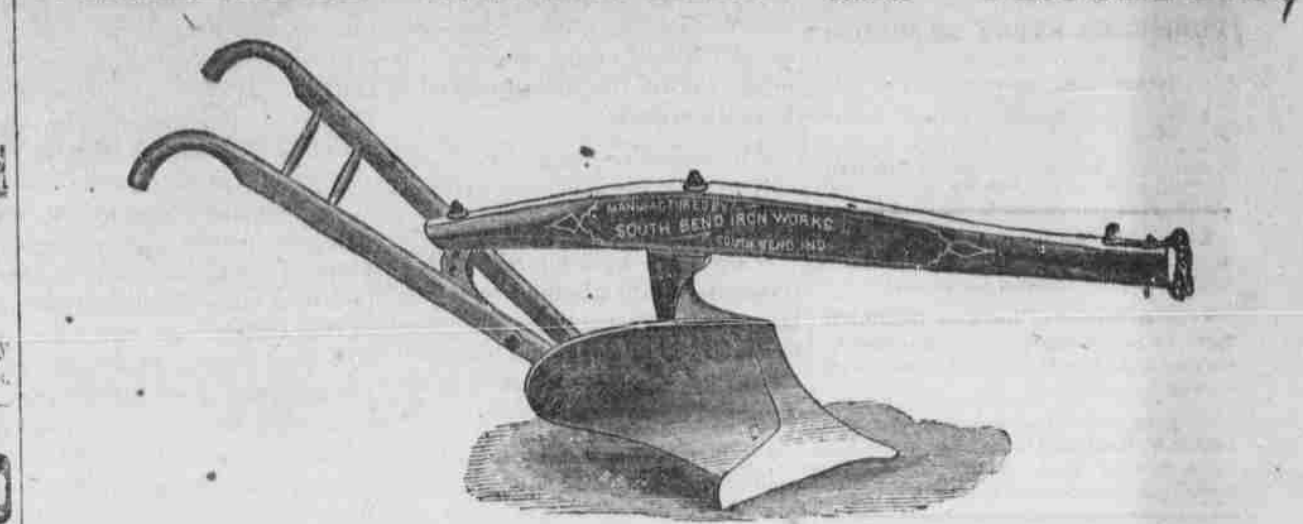
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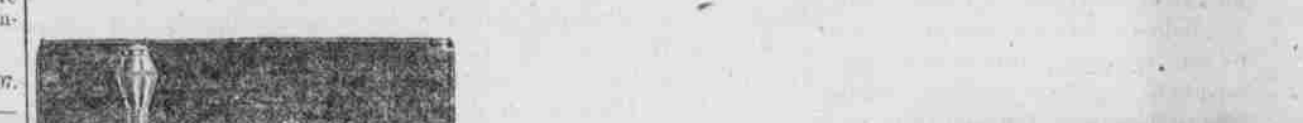
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